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"What fools these mortals be"

Puck

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"HERE 'S LOOKING AT YOU!"



HIS CURIOSITY.

WASHINGTON GUIDE (*impressively*).—Washington once threw a dollar across this river—the Potomac.

MR. COHENSTEIN.—O-O-h! And who found it?

EXPERIENCE.



ONCE UPON a time there lived a Foolish People, who had become quite filled up with the Fatuous Notion that wealth should pay taxes.

Discovering that seats in their Senate were selling for fifty-thousand dollars per Seat, in the open market, they exclaimed, impulsively:

"Let us tax these seats!"

Of course, Capital was at once rendered shy about investing, and presently there were no Senators; whereupon much Improper Legislation went through for lack of somebody to talk it to death.

Experience is a thorough teacher, though harsh.

EXPLAINED AT LAST.

LITTLE PATSY.—Why did Washington cross the Delaware, Pop?

MR. FINNIGAN.—Phwat a fool quistion, t' be sure! Phwy, yez gossoon, how d' yez suppose they'd be able t' sell all th' pichooors av him doin' it, if he did n't?

TIDINGS FROM THE WHITE HOUSE.

ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCH: Archibald Roosevelt was roundly spanked by his nurse yesterday.

"WHAT mean those sounds—those funny sounds?"

Spake out Old Rough-and-Ready.

Growled Andrew Jackson, frowning: "Zounds!

A scion of our Teddy!"

While Father George complacently

Caressed his silk-clad shanks,

And said: "Those noises seem to me

Suspiciously like spansks!"

And all the canvased presi-
dents

At once looked wondrous
knowing;

A smile of swift intelligence
On ev'ry face was showing.
A smile not void of tender
thought

Which certain times recalled
When they, from sole and
switch, had caught
The same as Archibald!

But now the wires have
clutched the news—
Ten million breaths are
bated!

Who'd stand in little Archie's
shoes

To be thus celebrated?

And some who read were
seized with joy,

And some did take it worse:

The ones exclaimed: "The
naughty boy!"

The others: "Cruel nurse!"

Fast flew the tidings, in a trice,
Through city, town and village.
The Northland paused in cutting ice,
The Southland stayed its tillage.
The eagle screamed a rousing cheer,
The scales of Justice clanked—
What blows, that shook a hemisphere,
When Archibald was spanked!

Edwin L. Sabin.



AS TO A FRIEND.

SHE.—He thinks she could learn to love him.

HE.—And she does not?

SHE.—Well, she thinks it will be easier for him to learn that she can't.



Don't get discouraged. It is often the last key on the bunch that opens the lock.



THE FOGEYISM OF G. WASHINGTON.



THOUGH Washington was childless, it was not hereditary.
For both his parents had a son one day in February.
And though that son some things has done which history has related,
'T is plain to-day his methods were entirely antiquated.

He had a hatchet in his youth and found it very handy,
But all he spoiled with it was some incipient cherry brandy.
He kept away from Kansas with its lack of regulations,
Although 't is sure he must have known the way to carry nations.

He went surveying by the day and slept in woods and caverns,
But failed to charge the house up with Astoria rates for "taverns."
He was an expert horseman and could ride upon their bare backs,
Yet no Rough Rider company came out of County Fairfax.

He went to Pittsburg later on to find out what the row meant,
But did n't even bring away a library endowment.
He showed at Boston that he lacked a judgment of a man's size,
For, though he took the town, he quite forgot to grab a franchise.

He lost New York as easy as a four-flush hand at poker,
Though he had no support at all from Mr. Richard Croker.
He crossed the Delaware right at the capital at Trenton,
Yet not to form a Trust was the design which he was bent on.

And then, although he gave the rank and file a chance at Princeton,
He did not write it to *The Post*, as someone else has since done.
At Morristown and Valley Forge, it really is a marvel,
He did n't seize his chance of fame by writing Richard Carvel.



Then, when the West Point treason of B. Arnold so amazed him,
He never realized it was because they had n't hazed him.
Forgetting that Cornwallis must have felt quite cheap at Yorktown,
He lost his chance to buy a lordly title at a markdown.

His long two terms as President came to a very vile end,
For he did not assimilate a solitary island.
And, though he has no chick nor child, he has the gross effront'ry
To pose on postage-stamps now as *The Father* of his country!

Edmund Vance Cooke.

LOGIC.

Once upon a time there lived a woman who was logical.
Curiously enough, she was likewise beautiful and moderately wealthy; and in the fulness of time a suitor came and asked her hand in marriage, after the usual formula.
"If you love me as much as you say," the woman, being logical, was fain to reply, "you are a fool; if you don't, you are a knave!"

This fable (for, of course, it is a fable) teaches that things are far better as they are, it being assumed that marriage is, on the whole, a good thing.

A DEFINITION.

"Pa, what is a gourmand?"

"A gourmand is a person who can not enjoy food that is good for him."

HE UNDERSTOOD.

UNCLE JOSH.—You know what the lawyers mean by "alleged," don't you?

UNCLE HIRAM.—Of course! They mean that the lawyers on the other side is lyn'.

GENEROSITY.

ASSIGNEE.—Your assets yield only about forty cents on each dollar of your debt.

BANKRUPT.—Ach! I vill pay feefty zents, eef I haf to mage it oop owid of mine own pogget!

HER LIMITED KNOWLEDGE.

"So it was the Potomac Washington crossed that memorable Winter?" sarcastically queried the Vassar professor.

The pretty student, having just placed a fresh caramel in her mouth, said nothing.

"Well," continued the Professor, snappishly, "I'll venture to say that what you don't know about history would fill a month's output of historical novels."

AT THE RUBICON.

"The die is cast," said Cæsar, thoughtfully; "but it's loaded."

Like other successful men, he did not trust Fortune to do anything he could do himself.



AT THE AQUARIUM.

THE NARWHAL.—Funny! I can't seem to catch those measly frogs!

PUCK

ONE OF THE PERILS OF SUBURBAN LIFE.



"ONE DAY, one of these new, green suburbanites will be making lovely Lonelyville, with its beautiful little shingled station, its charming little easy-payment church and fire-engine house and scores of cosy building-loan cottages nothing but an expanse of smouldering ashes, and our picturesque salt meadow with its waving cat-tails a mere sombre stretch of charred and smoking hummocks!" fumed Mr. Isolate, of the above suburb, the other day, to his suburban neighbor, Mr. Hermitage, as they grimly watched a new inhabitant, Mr. Newcomb, from Harlem, in a silk hat and patent leather shoes, who, after lighting the dried grass of his lawn to burn it off, as he had seen his suburban neighbors do, was dancing wildly up and down upon the blazing edge of it, vainly attempting to keep the fire from spreading to the next yard.

"That is a fair example of the way they all start in!" continued Mr. Isolate, testily. "I started to explain to Mr. Park-West, who moved out here last week, how we old suburbanites either inform our neighbors, when we see them on the cars, of the certain Saturday or Sunday on which it is our intention to burn off our lawns in the Spring, or have our wives drop them a line to that effect, so they can be present in their old clothes, with brooms and wet blankets to control the spreading of the fire, and perhaps burn their own lawn off at the same time; but he imagined that I was giving him some of the senseless, v-d-be funny josh that is published without the slightest reason by the funny papers, and he would not take the matter seriously.

"I only happened to remain home the following Thursday by the merest accident, and after lunch I was alarmed by the unmis-



DISAPPOINTED.

MRS. RICHMOND.—I never was so disappointed in all my life!

MRS. BRONXBOROUGH.—What is the matter?

MRS. RICHMOND.—I heard there was an awful scandal in our church, and come to find out it was only that the treasurer had been misappropriating the funds.



AN ADVANTAGE.

THE DEACON.—I dunno but I 'd jest as soon eat 'possum as chicking.

THE PARSON.—I 'd radder! A man kin gin'ally eat 'possum wid a cl'ar conscience.



HOW THOUGHTFUL!

MRS. UPTON FLATTE.—Norah, will you try to have the steak a little more rare, after this?

THE COOK (*bristling up*).—Is it findin' fault wid me cookin', yez are?

MRS. UPTON FLATTE.—Oh, no, no, no! John and I thought you might object to remaining over the fire so long.

takable odor of burning hair. Hurrying out of the house I beheld a highly edifying spectacle!

"Mr. Park-West had come home on an early afternoon train in order to burn off his lawn when none of us men-folks were in town and show how smart he was. Without exchanging his city Prince Albert and inevitable silk hat, spats, enameled shoes, and light fawn-colored kid gloves for a rational work costume, he had gone into the house and gotten one of those long, brass taper-holders for lighting the gas, that all city people affect, and had very precisely lighted the grass in eight or ten different spots along the dividing line between his property and mine, fondly imagining that, as the wind at that time was from my direction, the fire would move mathematically across his lot and that he could stop it at the other line, as easily as he could a lawn-mower. However, it happened that he had lighted the grass at exactly the psychological moment in the afternoon when the wind was about to edge around more from the South and grow stronger; and when I came upon the scene the fire was heading exactly for my house and our week's wash, which was hanging on the clothes-line; my chicken-house was in flames and Mrs. Park-West, whom her husband had invited to come out and see him show-off, in an automobile coat and Florodora hat, was extinguishing his smoking side-whiskers with a pair of my damp pajamas.

"Fortunately we keep a number of hand grenades on a shelf

in the woodshed near the kerosene barrel, where I was able to reach them quickly, or my chicken-house and Mr. Remote-ly's, next door, would certainly have been destroyed. And my wife, our washerwoman, Mrs. Park-West and I were only able to check the fire in the grass from spreading by making use of two of our Winter blankets.

"Yes, sir! You mark my word! If we weary veteran suburbanites come home some evening after a strenuous business day in the crowded city to find our wives and children and chickens camping out in the salt meadow, and our lovely little easy-monthly-payment cottages are no more, just as we are nearing the final payments on them, we will only have to thank some of these new, green suburbanites who come out from the effete city and think they can burn off their lawns or make bonfires of their Autumn leaves on some other days than Saturdays, holidays and Sundays, without giving their neighbors due notice!"

Con. C. Converse.

A SERIOUS IMPEDIMENT.

TEACHER.—Can you mention some great man who had an impediment in his speech?

LITTLE WILLY.—Please, Ma'am, George Washington did. He could n't tell a lie!

PLENTY TO DO.

"Maud is getting to be quite literary."

"What is she doing now?"

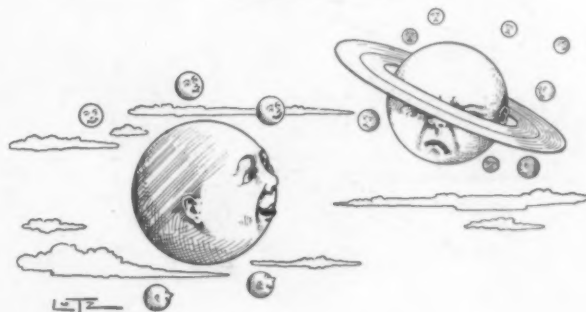
"She's taking a course in the titles of all the books published this year."

AFTER THE WEDDING.

MISS ISAACS.—How did der bride look?

MISS COHENSTEIN.—Oh! She vos choost luffy! She addragged more addendion as der vedding bresends!

IN OLDEN times every house had its knocker. These days it's only the house that somebody has moved out of.



SATURN.—Say, Jupiter, old boy, are my rings on straight?



The good die young. Turkeys are not much good unless they die young. Possibly it is something the same way with mankind.



PUCK

MARY'S NOTION.



MARY.—Don't blame your lateness on me, John! It would take a derrick to get you up early mornings!



JOHN.—Well, I'm going to utilize that derrick notion of yours to get me up mornings. You pull the rope and the derrick does the rest. See?



"Now, go ahead to see how this thing—"

THE MAIN POINT.

"Well, now, my—er-h'm!—young friends," suavely began Colonel Plunk Jarlick, a moss-grown Arkansaw politician, who had dropped in to visit the school at Polkville, "I have been asked by your kind and, I may say, intellectual Perfessor to edify you with a few well-chosen words, and I don't see how I can do so in any better manner than by tellin' you a little story—one, my young friends, which is strictly true and has a moral appended.

"Once upon a time thar was a weddin', and durin' the festivities which follered immediately after the happy couple had been made one, so to describe the interestin' process, a brother-in-law of the bride,

who had shamelessly sneaked a large jug of whiskey into the house, accused a brother-in-law of the groom of stealin' the said jug from under the bed whur he had hid it and craftily hidin' it in another place unknown to the original and likewise infuriated owner of the jug; for he was emphatically that kind of a man, children, and had red hair!

"Tharupon they fought! They fought like catamounts over that thar mizzable jug of whiskey! Everybody present took sides before long, and for a spell there was one of the prettiest little fights that I ever had the pleasure of witnessin'. Noses were broken and heads skinned; the fiddler of the occasion had his instrument broken on his skull like a gourd, and I reckon the ladies pulled hair enough out of each other's heads to have stuffed a sofy-pillar. The dogs got tromped on and retorted by bitin' people; and the house caught fire from the overturned stove and one whole end was burnt off. Of course, that stopped the festivities for the time bein'; but it was mighty near two years before some of the gents ceased to shoot at each other whenever it came handy. And all over one mizzable jug of whiskey! From this we should learn—but, who can tell me what I am tryin' to git at?"

"I can!" chirped one bright-faced lad, close up in front. "You want us to guess what finally became of the jug!"

Tom P. Morgan.

ALL HE WANTED.

"I wish I could make a lot of money!"

"I wish I could make half of what I've lost trying to make a lot!"

NO TASTE.

THE ELEPHANT (on the links).—Then you have no taste for golf?

THE OSTRICH.—Ugh! I should say not! I never could go gutta-percha, and the irons have too many corners on them, don't you know, to digest without the aid of pepsin.

AS IT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED.

WASHINGTON, SR.—Here! You little rascal, what do you mean by cutting down my cherry tree?

LITTLE GEORGE.—Don't disturb me, Father! I'm making history!



AS TO ACQUAINTANCES.

HE.—Then you think he has found his affinity?

SHE.—Decidedly! He has debts and she has money.



PUCK



PUCK

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE FEE SYSTEM.

THE CORRUPT political machine will be a thing of the past in this town only when the conditions that encourage it are abolished. Chief among these, as we have pointed out, is an excise law which secures at least a hundred thousand votes to the machine best able to sell immunity from it to the saloon-keepers. Next important, very probably, is the system of paying certain city and county officials by fee instead of by fixed salary. The trial of the present Sheriff of New York County before the Governor has shed a great white light upon this vicious absurdity. Sheriff Guden's admissions on the witness stand ought to make it manifest that there will be corrupt bargaining before nominations and elections just so long as there is a single office left whose incumbent has an opportunity to earn a hundred thousand dollars or so a year in fees. It would be bad enough if the ostensible recipient were actually allowed to keep this extravagant pay. For ten thousand dollars would be all he could earn, and would be, indeed, a sufficiently liberal salary to secure the very best talent that could be utilized in an office like the sheriff's. No man can justly earn more there, and a competent man would never be lacking to take the office at that figure. But so long as the occupant of the post is in receipt of fees averaging a hundred thousand dollars a year the office will be directly controlled by the ablest and corruptest machine politicians, Democratic or Republican, and every dollar over ten or twelve thousand a year will go into their pockets or be corruptly used in strengthening other parts of the machine. Not only does this corruption inevitably ensue, but a further evil result is that, under this fee system, an honest man will rarely secure the office; for an honest man can not make the corrupt bargain necessary to secure the nomination. Seven times out of ten the office will go to a man like the present incumbent, who has given upon the witness-stand an exhibition of moral obliquity so startling that the less said about him the better. Not until the fee system is abolished will the machine's corrupt control over this important office be affected.

HOCH DER PRINZ!

THE AREA of good feeling induced by the visit of Prince Henry of Prussia has attained very impressive dimensions. The circumstance is an agreeable one. We are so seldom called upon to entertain royalty that we might be excused for betraying a slight awkwardness; but reports from the outlying districts as far west as St. Louis promise that the royal visitor will be assimilated quite as gracefully as if he were a half-barrel of Wurzbürger Hofbrau. He will doubtless be charmed by the honest cordiality of the reception accorded him by this versatile republic. He will probably be convinced that we are habitually partial to pretzels, lebkuchen and dachshunds; and just possibly he may be led to suspect that we are seventy-five million German-Americans. This would be the crowning achievement of a succession of graceful hospitalities,—to make him feel very much at home. In the meantime, however, it will scarcely be forgotten that business continues to be business in this commercial age, even in the presence of royalty. And so Prince Henry will doubtless also leave us with the notion that our manufactured goods are of unusual excel-

lence, that our prices are alluringly low, and that this is a mighty good country to place orders with for a great many things besides yachts. Of course we can't afford an official reception every time we build a yacht or a locomotive or a railway bridge, and we could not expect Miss Roosevelt to give her whole time to christening things made for European rulers. But Prince Henry can be made to see that American manufacturers are apt to give even an Emperor a little more than his money's worth of whatever is ordered from them. Under the circumstances we should rejoice that his welcome in the towns on his itinerary promises to be so warm.

THE REVIVAL OF ROMANCE.

IT IS with unalloyed pleasure that we note the reappearance of the mysterious air-ship that occasioned so much excitement in the middle-west four years ago. The sea-serpent tales of last season were wretchedly unimaginative; the Klondike miner who discovers the intact cadaver of a frozen mastodon had long been recreant to his task; the prehistoric giant exhumed in Taney County, Missouri, was getting smaller every year; the wild man with "long matted beard" who frightens parties of huckleberry-pickers in New Jersey had been getting very tame, and even the voracious agriculturist who plows up five thousand Spanish dollars coined before 1700 had not been heard from for months. We were beginning to fear that the official romancer of the Associated Press had fallen too far off in his work ever to recover. But this revival of the air-ship marks the revival of our confidence in his powers. We shall look for the craft to be observed by the respectable element in at least a hundred small towns of the middle-west within the next sixty days. The Michigan village of Galien was privileged to enjoy the first sight of it. The air-ship made "a wide circle to the west of the village at a height of three hundred feet and finally disappeared in the direction of Chicago. It carried two red lights and one very white light." It is this completeness of detail which has always endeared these air-ship dispatches to us. That and the fact that the ship is never seen by any but persons of unimpeachable veracity. Not in the history of this literature has the village liar been vouchsafed a view of this phenomenon. The craft of four years ago, we recall, carried a crew of two persons—a tall man with flowing side-whiskers and a short, stout man who wore green goggles and a chinchilla muffler. These two were generally on deck, interestedly scanning the country through field-glasses, and always unconscious of the gaping crowds below them. A farmer driving home from town had the good luck to see the ship anchored, presumably for repairs, in a field by the road. Unfortunately, as he was about to hail its crew his horse took fright at the strange spectacle and ran away. The farmer's tale was of course confirmed by this behavior of his horse. For the horse could have had no possible object in deceiving the public. We shall await the new series of air-ship tales with a lively interest.



A REMINDER.

"You won't forget to give him the medicine every two hours?"
"Oh, no, sir! Why, half an hour before it's time, he's hollerin' that he won't take it!"



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.





HIS VIEWS.

"Golly! Dis 'd be a dandy snow storm if dese hyah pesky little kids 'd stay home an' let us big fellahs inj'y it!"

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

TEACHER (*severely*).—Tommy, there are three words wrongly spelled in this excuse!

TOMMY (*unblushingly*).—Well, M'am, you mus' remember my folks did n't have the educational advantages I have.



NO CHOICE.

BLEEKER.—Has your wife made any plans for the Summer yet?
BAXTER.—No; it's too early. Why, she has n't even tried to find out where I don't want her to go yet!

TO AN INAMORATA.

(A Translation.)

SAY, if thou wilt, that one can hear the sigh
Breathed, 'mid the flowers, by the butterfly;
Say that it is no tale of fairy land
That tells us how sweet Cinderella's hand
Was won; that never thorn on rosebush
grows;
Or laugh if I should say the blushing rose
Is red; the modest lily white; and I—
I will believe thee, dear, O foolish I!
Tell me the stars that shine, serenely bright,
To gazing poets owe their joyous light;
Tell me the radiant Sun is but a gem
That sparkles in the Night's fair diadem;
Tell me the lightest feather far outweighs
A heart bowed down by griefs of many days;
Tell me—whate'er thou wilt, and I—and I—
Will never doubt, thee, dear, O foolish I!

Thy voice dispels all doubt. Facts fancies
seem.

Tell me that happiness is not a dream!
Tell me thou lovest me, and I—and I—
Will trust thee ever, foolish, blissful I!

Wm. E. McKenna.



A SUGGESTION.

THE PROFESSOR.—We should like to establish a few more chairs in our university, but we can't do it unless we receive some more bequests or contributions.

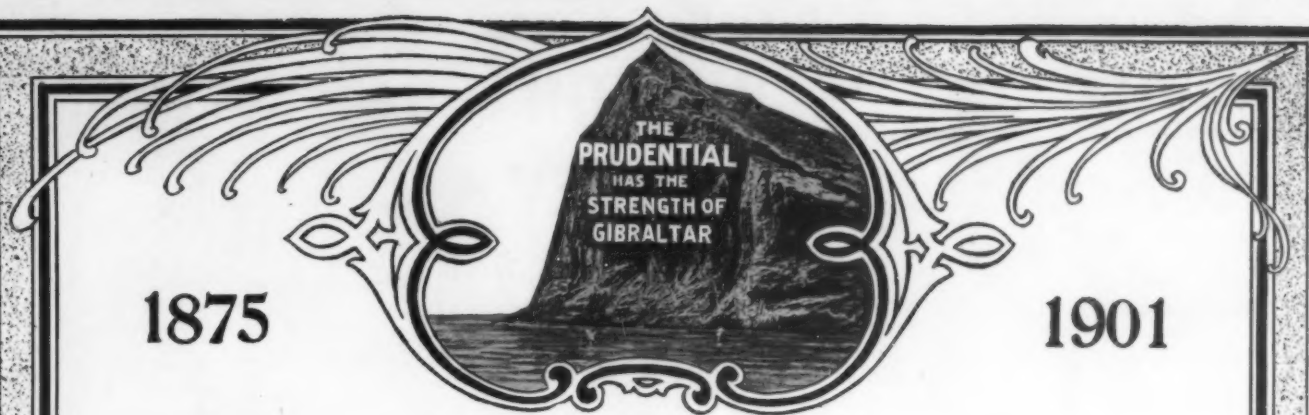
FRIEND.—Why not establish a Chair of Bequests and Contributions with a persuasive professor who can hustle?

ANDREW JACKSON was Old Hickory of a sort that seems to have sent up but little second growth.



*An Agricultural Version—Take care of the pennies
and the bunco man will take care of the dollars.*





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PATIENCE.—Why did they call that parlor entertainment a piano recital?
PATRICE.—Why, did n't you hear all the people talking during the playing?
—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THOSE much talked of circumstances over which we have no control are
probably among the most effective preventives of regret that we are blessed with.
—*Indianapolis News.*



BLAMELESS.

"An' if de gal likes me better 'n him, kin I help it?"
"I reckon not. Yo' ain't 'sponsible fo' de lady's taste!"

You can't do yourself justice when health is absent.
Brace up and stay up with Abbott's, the Original An-
gostura Bitters. At druggists and grocers.

Try it. Once used it takes the precedence of all
others—*Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.* It
has a most delicious bouquet.

AN ABSURDITY.

"Suppose," said the friend who had been reading Enoch Arden, "that you
went away on a sea voyage and came back and find that your wife had married
another man?"

"That's an absurd proposition," answered Mr. Meekton. "Henrietta would
never be so careless with me as to let me go away on a sea voyage."—
Washington Star.

BEFORE a man becomes great, let
him see that his wife is fat enough to
look well in décolleté pictures, in con-
nection with newspaper accounts of
how she made him.—*Atchison Globe.*

A KENTUCKY man who experi-
mented with a new cure for the liquor
habit landed in an insane asylum. He
will have to go outside the State for
his sympathy.—*Washington Post.*



TRADE MARK.

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and

Hunter Baltimore Rye

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The Twenty-fifth Anniversary Number of Puck

will be issued March 12th, 1902.

It will be the regular issue of PUCK for that date.

Advertising space should be secured AT ONCE. Forms close February
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The Publishers of PUCK, New York.



ALWAYS ONE OR THE OTHER.

MR. OLDBUCK.—The woman I'm tied to is a woman who is so darn puritanically religious she's death on dancing.

THE MAID.—Is she too fat or too thin?



ALAS!

He had a touch of grip.
A gay young blade was he.
He used to let things rip,
But now it's R. I. P.

—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

EVER remark how the patience of a fifteen-year-old girl is sorely tried by her mother?—*Atchison Globe.*

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT

is not recommended for everything; but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. Sold by druggists everywhere in fifty cent and dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this great kidney remedy sent free by mail, also a pamphlet telling all about Swamp-Root and its great cures. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and say that you read this in FOCK.

A troubled feeling and the blues can generally be traced to indigestion. Chase it away with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists.

TO BE CONSIDERED.

"I see that your town has been considering the idea of imposing a tax on bachelors."

"Yes," answered the young woman. "But we thought it over, and we concluded that the men might be mean enough to take the money to pay it out of what they spend for caramels and theatre tickets."—*Washington Star.*

THE OLD ONE.—A man's first dollar is his hardest.

THE YOUNG ONE.—So is his first engagement.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

YOUR SWEETHEART KNOWS
HOW MUCH BETTER
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are than ordinary confections. They are made on this principle: "NOT HOW CHEAP BUT HOW GOOD." If your dealer doesn't have them we will supply you express prepaid at following prices:
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LOG CABIN PHILOSOPHY.

Ef some folks knowed de world wuz turnin' roun' dey'd spend a lifetime makin' brakes to stop it.

You can't reason wid a mule, an' de mo' you beats him de tougher he gits. He's des nachully ag'in' de government.

Sometimes a cyclone 's a blessin', kaze hit splits de wood des de proper size fer kindlin'.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

NO HERO TO HER.

There was a man so wondrous wise that everybody said
He carried all worth knowing in the limits of his head.
He was expert in calculus, and talked in ancient Greek;
Trigonometry was simple as a game of hide-and-seek.

The world would praise his wisdom; but his wife spoke not a word—
She smiled in mute derision of the tributes that she heard;
For she thought of how she'd let him go to market once or twice,
When he bought more than was needed at a most outrageous price.

—*Washington Star.*

BILLVILLE LITERARY NOTES.

While our leading novelist was dramatizing his latest novel the other night a lamp exploded and he was blown through the roof. We have read his book, but it is hoped now that we won't be compelled to see his play.

At a hot literary dinner, Wednesday evening, our poet laureate was choked by a leg of 'possum just as he was about to read an ode which he had chopped into proper lengths for the occasion. He has since been too full for utterance.

Having suffered financial embarrassment recently, our head poet offers to read his poems in public for a dollar a day. This is dirt-cheap. They are worth a dollar and a quarter, at least.

"Is 'Possum Poetical?" was the subject of the literary debate Wednesday night. It was decided that 'possum is not poetical but mighty fillin'.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE CLUB=COCKTAILS

No Friend Like An Old Friend.



In these days of a multiplicity of brands, it is refreshing to turn to an old friend like the "Club Cocktails," and know that here is one which does not have to be taken on faith. Years of experience have made "Club Cocktails" the perfect blend of liquors that they are, and years of use have made them household words all over the country. Ask at any hotel, club-house, cafe or fancy grocer, which is the best, and the answer every time will be the "Club Cocktails." The secret of their well-deserved popularity is that they are made entirely by actual weight and measurement, from the best quality of liquors, and kept six months before being bottled, thus ensuring a perfect drink.

The "Club Cocktails" are made in seven varieties: Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Holland Gin, York, Tom Gin, and Whiskey, all of the same uniform high grade, and all worthy of a place in the cellar of every connoisseur in the land.

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proved.



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and Benedict
New York

"It seems a bit queer," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "that it is not until a political meeting is called to order that the disorder really begins."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A HANDSOME INVESTMENT.

FLIPPICUS.—You ask if it pays to convert the heathen? It certainly would pay handsomely to convert those bad Bulgarian brigands.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

PATIENCE.

"I never lose my temper when a man insults me," said Bronco Bob.

"But you did n't waste any time on Coyote Bill."

"No; but I did n't lose my temper. I've learned by experience that nothing keeps a man from shooting straight like losing his temper."—*Washington Star.*

It seems strange that the word "if," with only two letters, is the biggest word in the English language.—*Baltimore News.*

THE HANDSOMEST CALENDAR OF THE SEASON.

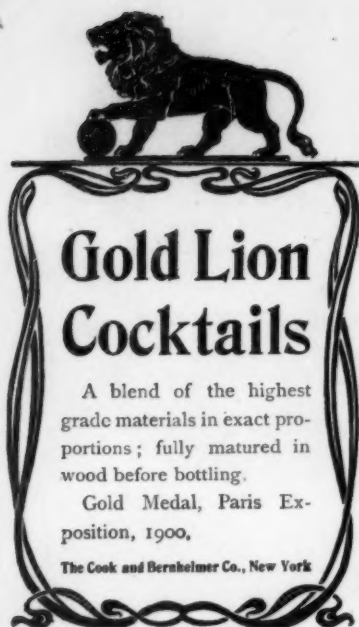
The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co. has issued a beautiful Calendar in six sheets 12x14 inches, each sheet having a ten color picture of a popular actress—reproductions of water colors by Leon Moran. The original paintings are owned by and the Calendars are issued under the Railway Company's copyright. A limited edition will be sold at 25 cents per calendar of six sheets. Will be mailed on receipt of price.

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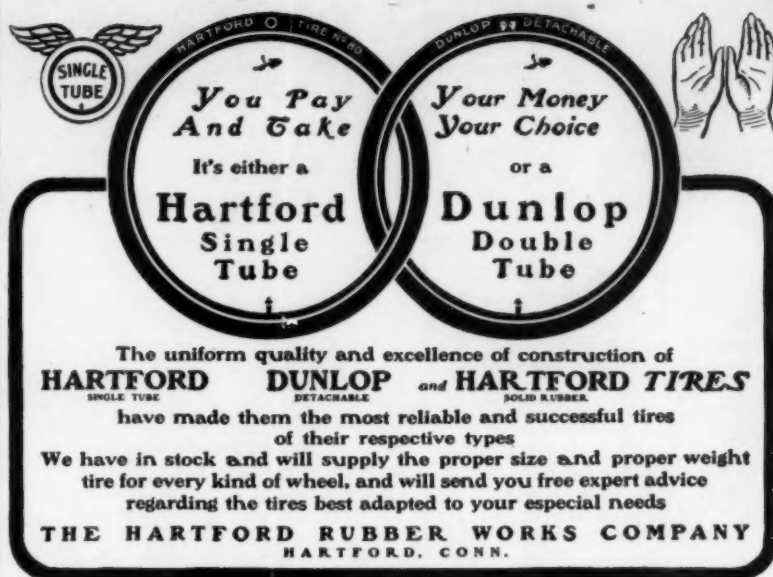


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169 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.
903 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.
208 East Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

HOME INDUSTRY.

"I had no idea that my gambling at Monte Carlo would create so much of a sensation," said the very rich American.

"Well," said the friend, "there is a strong local sentiment in America. People could n't understand why, if you were determined to gamble for high stakes, you should not leave the money in Wall Street."—*Washington Star*.

TOO MUCH OF A HURRY.

"Last Monday the first silver dollars of the 1902 date were struck off at the Philadelphia mint."

"Say! Does n't that seem as if Uncle Sam was rushing matters a little?"

"How so?"

"Why, I have n't seen one of the 1901 ones yet."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

PATIENCE.—What a lot of rings she wears!

PATRICE.—Yes; they are wedding rings.

PATIENCE.—Why, I did n't know she'd been married.

PATRICE.—She has n't; her father is a pawnbroker.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

MEN hate a handsome man so fiercely it is a wonder a good-looking man is ever elected to office.—*Atchison Globe*.



SAME IMPLEMENTS.

PAT.—Who be thim fellers?

MIKE.—Reformers.

PAT.—Oi moight hov known. They go at ut jusht loike Mary Ann Kelly did when she married Larry Riley to reform him.

CANDOR.

"Why do you put so many Latin quotations into your speeches?" asked the friend. "I'm sure most of us don't understand them."

"That's just the point. Misery loves company. I want to be sure there is some one besides myself who does n't know precisely what I am talking about."—*Washington Star*.

HITTING BACK.

"You're not so much," said the man who used the vernacular of the curbstone.

"Well," said the other man, "I fancy I'd have to be much less in order to escape being much more than your much developed lack of muchness."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

HE COULD PROVE IT.

"My wife," he said, proudly, "can keep a secret as well as any woman on earth."

"Why, man!" exclaimed the other fellow. "You know she tells everything she knows!"

"Well, is n't that what I said?"—*Baltimore News*.

MRS. STYLES.—Well, I see Mrs. Wyles has solved the problem of keeping servants.

MRS. MYLES.—You don't mean it?

MRS. STYLES.—Yes; she's opened an employment agency.—*Yonkers Statesman*.



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FISCHER PIANOS.

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33 UNION SQUARE—WEST.
Between 16th and 17th Streets, New York.

SOME folks are so patient and forgiving that they make us tired. — *Wash. Democrat.*

EVER buy anything from an "agent" that you really needed? — *Atchison Globe.*

SOME churches mistake racket for results in their machinery. — *Ram's Horn.*

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3 FAST TRAINS DAILY

FASTEST TIME ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

THE OVERLAND LIMITED leaves Chicago 8.00 p. m. daily and arrives San Francisco 5.15 p. m. third day. THE PACIFIC EXPRESS leaves Chicago 10.00 a. m. daily and arrives San Francisco 4.15 p. m. third day. THE CALIFORNIA EXPRESS leaves Chicago 11.30 p. m. daily and arrives San Francisco 8.25 a. m. fourth day. Unrivaled scenery and most luxurious service via

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WASHINGTON.

Three-day Personally-Conducted Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The next Pennsylvania Railroad Personally-Conducted Tour to Washington leaves Thursday, February 20. Rate, covering railroad transportation for the round trip, hotel accommodations, and guides, \$14.50 from New York; \$13.00 from Trenton, and \$11.50 from Philadelphia. These rates cover accommodations for two days at the Arlington, Normandie, Riggs, or Ebbitt House. For accommodations at Regent, Metropolitan, or National Hotel, \$2.50 less. Special side trip to Mt. Vernon.

All tickets good for ten days, with special hotel rates after expiration of hotel coupons.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents: Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 4 Court Street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

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BOKER'S BITTERS

The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.

FOUND AT LAST.

"Well," said the man who found the end of the rainbow, "this is what one might call taking pot luck." — *Cincinnati Observer.*

PECULIARITIES OF SPORTS.

"There is n't as much kicking in football as I had expected," said the young woman.

"No," said the young man. If you enjoy kicking you want to take an interest in baseball." — *Washington Star.*

THE SIGNALLER.

"Why are you taking your umbrella to-day, Edith? It does n't even look like rain."

"But I have to stop the car." — *Cincinnati Observer.*

GETTING fat is bad enough, in ordinary life, but it's worse on the stage. — *Atchison Globe.*

A MAN is always surprised when the truth works better than a lie. — *Washington Democrat.*

EVER remark the number of men who have time to tell you they are worked to death, and have n't a moment to spare? They usually call it "burning the candle at both ends." — *Atchison Globe.*

"Is your house built on a rock?" asked the minister. "No. But it required lots of 'rocks' before it was finished," answered Bullion. — *Norristown Herald.*

EVERY time a girl fails to get a letter from her steady, she looks upon the mail carrier with suspicion, and, rather than think the steady has grown cold, she concludes the mail carrier has stolen the letter. — *Atchison Globe.*

OLD age does n't agree with anyone. — *Atchison Globe.*

It's a wise man who can be silent on any subject. — *Ram's Horn.*

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."

— *Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.*

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

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GOLD MEDAL AT PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION. Dr. Siegel's Imported Angostura Bitters. The only Genuine. Avoid domestic substitutes.



The World is Always Ready for a Good Thing.

The saying "there is nothing new under the sun" is not always true, as shown by the recent decision of the U. S. Circuit Court sustaining the "Velvet Grip" patent for Hose Supporters. Judge Cox says: "The proof shows that the Velvet Grip clasp was the first perfectly successful and operative supporter ever made."

UNCLE TOM EN ROUTE.

"Who's the distinguished looking gentleman leading the bloodhounds?"

"Why, that's our leading man." — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

NOT ANXIOUS TO TRY THAT.

"Yes, we surely owe our ancestors a debt."

"Well, I don't know how you feel about it; but I would hate to hunt up some of mine to pay them." — *Cincinnati Observer.*

WHEREVER you go carry the oil of kindness in the can of courtesy. — *Ram's Horn.*

BLAMING others is the way some people have of praising themselves. — *Ram's Horn.*

PRIDE must be very tired of being featured as the cow-catcher of a fall. — *Washington Post.*

"WHAT do you think of that wireless telegraphy?"

"It's out of sight." — *Norristown Herald.*

HER Board and clothes and faith in her husband are about all the law allows a woman to get out of marriage. — *Atchison Globe.*

A GOOD title for a companion book to "What to Eat," would be "How to Get It." — *Norristown Herald.*

AN actor never knows what a genius he really is until he gets into the hands of a New York press agent. — *Philadelphia Ledger.*

HE. — Is his carriage his own?

SHE. — No; he even inherited that walk from his father. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

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BILL. — Do you know why the hen crossed the street?

JILL. — Perhaps she wanted to lay for some one on the other side. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

OLD POINT COMFORT, RICHMOND, AND WASHINGTON.

Six-Day Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The third of the present series of personally-conducted tours to Old Point Comfort, Richmond, and Washington via the Pennsylvania Railroad will leave New York and Philadelphia on Saturday, March 8.

Tickets, including transportation, meals en route in both directions, transfers of passengers and baggage, hotel accommodations at Old Point Comfort, Richmond, and Washington, and carriage ride about Richmond—in fact, every necessary expense for a period of six days—will be sold at rate of \$34.00 from New York, Brooklyn, and Newark; \$32.50 from Trenton; \$31.00 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other stations.

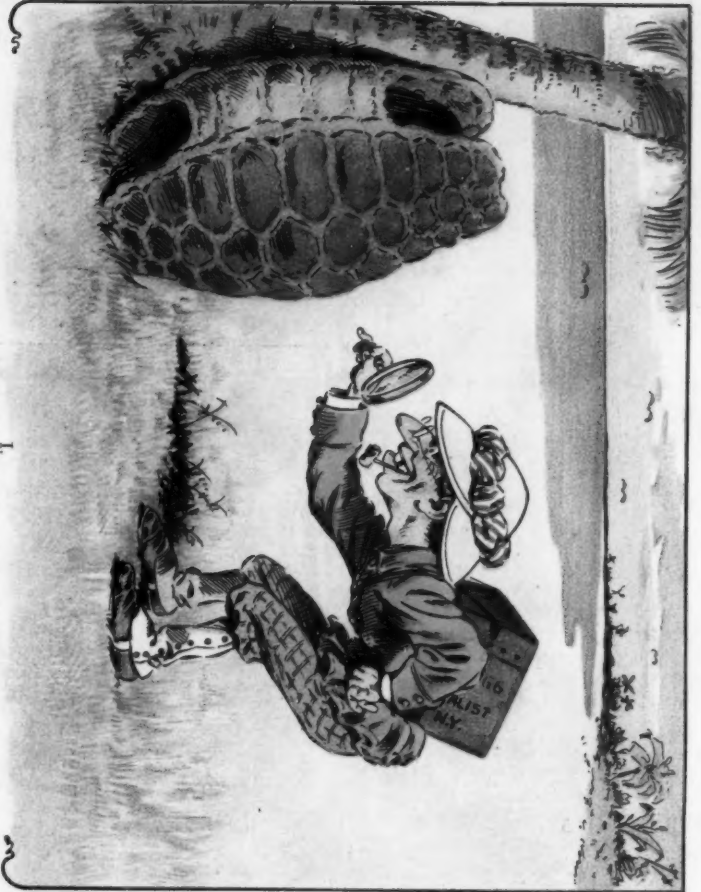
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—"Goodness! Nothing but a stiff bluff will save me now!"



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THE BOA.—That's a good one on Leo all right!



IV.
PROF. BUGG.—I seem to be right in it to-day!

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